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OUR NEW ADVISOR

Recently at the first convocation for the new school year, Dean Bauer made reference to "the new faces on the faculty for '55." We here on VU also wish to introduce a new face as far as our staff is concerned in the form of our new faculty advisor, Mr. Carl Krekeler.

Spending his eighth year of faculty membership in the Department of Biology, Mr. Krekeler is now working toward his Ph. D. at the University of Chicago.

He is thirty-four years old and has a charming wife and two daughters, Barbara and Nancy. Besides spending much of his time in lecturing to outside organizations and campus groups, he is doing a fine job in promoting his favorite hobby — square dancing.

It is, with great pride that we welcome Carl Krekeler to our staff ... We are sure that his presence will be most beneficial to us ... We're also sure that if anyone has any criticisms, complaints, or compliments which they hesitate to tell to our face, we know that Mr. Krekeler will be more than willing to listen.

ABOUT THE COVER

With this issue we inaugurate our idea of depicting on the cover typically humorous school situations which all of us at one time or another have encountered. The cover illustrated by our art editor, Carol Meyer, who also helped to set up many of the illustrations in this issue.

ABOUT THE STAFF

We had many willing workers this issue, and you no doubt will hear more from them in coming issues. Here's a partial list of our contributors: Rhoda Heinecke did a fabulous job in presenting our Homecoming queen and court. As our feature editor, Rhoda also helped to assemble the article written by Linda Krupski ... Linda on her first assignment really deserves thanks for braving the wilds to cover the biology field trip ... Bob Kusch spent many waking hours on developing his article, and we intend to present to you in each issue more of his thought provoking essays ... In the sports department, Ron Wicks did some interviewing and delving into basketball records to present an interesting preview of the basketball scene.
Here in the VU office we have the following anecdote framed in prominence so that we always are able to see it and bring our thinking, writing, and editorial policy back on an even keel if perchance they should tend to go awry.

Not long ago a college on the Atlantic seaboard found itself in urgent need of $2,000,000 for a special project. Fortunately, a fabulously wealthy young heiress was lined up to supply the necessary funds. But alas, the college comic magazine chose that moment to publish what the editors believed was a hilarious parody of her social career. The heiress tore up her check, and the editors were kicked out of college.

This incident sort of illumines the fact that there is no more hazardous job than being an editor of a college magazine. More than once have editors been given the “Get Out” sign at regular intervals for writing sarcastic bars about the faculty, ridiculing the trustees, or most often printing jokes that might best have been saved for the Police Gazette or fraternity smokers.

We here at VU would like to have our last year on campus a rather pleasantly happy one, so we are intending to shy away from these gems so often placed in college magazines. And instead of reverting to rather questionable material which we feel does nothing for a magazine except perhaps to boost the alumni subscriptions, we are going to keep VU as literate, as intelligent, and as relevant as we possibly can. We hope you’ll like our efforts.

... ... ...

I suppose that one of the most ridiculed and yet most capitalized upon words in modern day vocabulary is the term “THINK.” While looking through old issues of the New Yorker and several of the so-called college humor magazines I see that cartoonists have now turned their art to either playing up, satirizing, or creating humorous situations revolving around this five letter injunction.

I’ve often wondered how many slips of the tongue, angry words, harsh judgments, and thoughtless acts could have been avoided if we would have relied upon thoughtful judgment rather than quick anger or dumb instinct.

One of the familiar questions heard about this Homecoming time is “Where are you going tonight?” And even though some sort of an answer is given, I question if in many of the cases the persons really know where they are headed. Indeed, if more people in the past had thought about where they were going, there would be fewer disappointments today. It seems to this writer that we all ought to think every day just where we are going, how we are getting there, and what we are going to do after we arrive. No doubt one of the simplest formulas for keeping out of trouble and for making the most of our lives this week-end and always is to think first — then act.

Too many people neglect editorials buried in the middle of a publication, or squeezed in at the last like a “p.s.” so your editors, cowards that they are, decided on columns, which seem to be more popular and give us a little more freedom, at the beginning of the magazine.

I say cowards because at least a reader can’t discard the magazine in disgust after reading these choice items. He’ll have to read the rest of the magazine first in order to become disgusted enough.

On the serious side though, and I promise never to be very serious, mountains of words have made the compromise of VU between a literary and a “funny” magazine as stereotyped as the exercise of many wise heads on the purpose of VU, and “why shouldn’t VU be discontinued and save the students some money?”

Probably the reason VU never was discontinued is that it really doesn’t save a student much money on his Student Council fee, only about seventy-five cents all told.

As to VU’s purpose, let this issue be a definition of it. Not only should VU entertain, inform, and serve as an outlet; e.g., for the short story classes; but it should also help you, the reader, think about yourself and why you are here.

If VU does help someone set his sights a little higher and perhaps utilize more of what university life offers, its cost is justified.

To this end, VU will offer four articles of length, the first in this issue, by a student who has raised his sights and knows whereof he speaks. I hope it will prove a pleasant discovery.

... ... ...

Let me caution you against cramming this semester. This supposedly has its harmful effects at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where I hear the engineers really have to study to keep from failing. With the following “harmful effects,” some students of MIT have amused your humble servant.

It seems that at one Yale-Harvard game, the MIT boys had planted dynamite sticks in the shape of MIT under the football field the night before. At half time, a bunch of dry cell (for the detonator) laden men intended to perpetrate the deed near the stadium wall. A cop became suspicious of the batteries until the MIT men asked him if he didn’t know that all MIT engineers carried batteries. The scheme fizzled, however, because the batteries didn’t carry enough power to explode the dynamite.

And then there was the time they triggered a huge water-filled balloon, occupying the entire room, to the door of a disagreeable fellow in the MIT dorm. When last heard of, he was thrown a lifesaver as he floated down the hall. Likewise, pity the guy who came back from a weekend to find his car reassembled in his room.

Of course the Harvard man won’t tell you about the time some MIT “gate repairmen” welded the Harvard gates shut under the watchful eyes of the patrolman.

In case you might want to see this nonsense first hand, a nine month’s admission is $900.
Your University is moving ahead. Aided by the prospect of a $2.5 million dollar gift from the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod, Valparaiso is wiping away one half its debt in one fell swoop and clearing the way for further expansion on the new East campus.

$750,000 of the 2.5 million will be set aside for a new chapel on the highest point of the new campus. Thus, Synod demonstrates in a very powerful way its concern for the heart of the Valparaiso life, the religious worship twenty minutes each weekday.

The funds from the Missouri Synod seem to have come at a time propitious to the present expansion plans for the University. In an exclusive interview with President O. P. Kretzmann, this writer learned the details of the plan to keep Valpo growing. As President Kretzmann put it, “With a single effort like this, the University will find itself in a position to do things it has wanted to do for a long time.”

Actually, the funds will come from a special 5 million dollar collection, “Building for Christ,” the Missouri Synod is conducting in member churches on March 20, 1955.

The remainder of the funds will go to other Lutheran organizations not on Synod’s budget, including the Lutheran Deaconess Association, which is receiving $250,000. This latter amount, plus
VENTURE OF FAITH
(continued from page 3)

$60,000 from the Lutheran Women’s Missionary League, will finance the new $300,000 Deaconess House to be built on the new campus.

One half of of the 2.5 million dollars, 1.25 million, for Valpo will retire almost half of the 2.6 million dollar debt the University accumulated after World War II in expanding and raising the enrollment from four hundred to two thousand.

This is tremendously important since halving the debt will reduce the interest Valpo has been paying considerably. Thus that money will be freed for expansion or current expenses.

The 2.6 million dollar debt was incurred in renovating the chapel, building Guild· Memorial, and purchasing temporary government housing like the Greenwich Group. It is owed directly to some 2300 Lutheran people in small amounts at three per cent interest.

The $750,000 will not cover the complete cost of the chapel, but the University Guild has already collected $100,000 for it. President Kretzmann expects the rest to come from special friends of the University.

Holding back the cost estimate of the chapel is the problem of just how large it should be. Plans for a capacity in case Synod’s drive falls short, for then neither a building program nor debt retirement would be affected.

What about Valpo’s remaining 1.3 million dollar debt? This can be set against income-producing property, chiefly the dorms like Lembke, Altruria, etc., and the rents from each dorm can be used to pay off each dorm’s proportionate debt gradually. All non-income-producing property like the administration building and the library, will be then debt-free in a bookkeeping sense.

The proposed $800,000 men’s dorm for 322 men on the new campus will not come from any Missouri Synod funds. Three per cent notes are now being offered for sale by the University, and when about half of the cost has been raised, a loan can be obtained from an insurance company to complete the project.

According to John Sauerman, Treasurer of the Board of Directors, “... funds should be made available to have this (new men’s) dormitory ready by the fall of 1955.” The rents from this dorm will also be used to pay off its cost gradually.

Also planned for the new campus, according to the VU Bulletin, are a classroom-administration building, a library, and a Law School building.

“...and what changes will take place when the Student Union takes its place on the East Campus? All Student activities like Student Council and the publications will move there as well as the University Cafeteria. Although the Cafeteria will be some distance from campus, it has been estimated that some seven hundred students from the dorms, the gym, and the engineering building will be in a vicinity close enough to eat there.

Fraternities and sororities will be arranged in complexes. President Kretzmann compared the “complex” setup to a modern suburban development like Park Forest, south of Chicago. Each house will have plenty of space around it with semi-circular drives. Tentatively, the sororities will be located near La Porte avenue and the fraternities near highway forty nine.

The problem for the Greek houses is that money is not available to the University for their construction. In addition most of the sororities still owe large amounts to the University on their present houses, chiefly because they are younger than the fraternities. President Kretzmann hopes to call a meeting of both groups soon to discuss the plans.

What about chances for a graduate school? Up till now a graduate school would have been a difficult thing to carry with a large debt since such schools cost four to five times as much as undergraduate work. The halving of the debt, then, is a step towards a graduate school.

President Kretzmann stated a faculty committee under the chairmanship of Professor Alfred Meyer was looking into the possibility of offering an M.A. degree in areas like the social sciences, education, and religion, where the University may be of most service to the church.

Since many schools already offer an M.A. degree, there may be a possibility of Valpo’s offering an M.A. degree in a combination of three subjects; e.g., philosophy, history, and religion. This would be a departure from the traditional M.A. of one major and one minor subject.

This is the long range picture for the University. Phase one of the Master Plan, the placing of the major buildings, dorms, and Greek complexes, is complete. Phase two, the size, architecture, roads, and utilities, is now under construction by the Board of Directors.
"Say Casey, I hear the Frosh are desperate for ties this year."

"I never did like the bonfire chairman."

"The chairman's pop is a construction engineer."
Sandra heard the screen door twang, then slam, heard her mother lift the cover off the garbage pail then bang the pan against the side of the pail.

"I won't look up," she thought, "Maybe she'll think I don't hear her." She sat very still on the grass, her back toward the house, looking at the book on her lap, but not really seeing it at all. "Why can't people just always sit in the warm sunlight?" she thought. There wasn't any reason really. All you had to do was believe that there was good in sitting in the sunlight, that there were peace and security in sitting there. But people like her mother, whose world was garbage pails, and bending over wash tubs in the black cellar that was even blacker in the corners because of the bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling, people like that could not see the good or the peace or even the wisdom that came from sitting in the sunlight. People like that could only see good in having the creaky iron beds made and the chipped dishes washed and stacked on the paper-covered shelves by nine o'clock every morning; people like that could only see peace and security in the height of the coal pile in the coal bin; people like that could only see wisdom in other people like themselves whose coal piles were a little higher a little earlier in the fall, and for a dollar or so less.
OCTOBER, 1954

**POOL**

Her mother finished banging the pan on the side of the pail and put the cover back on with a grating, metallic noise. Sandra knew that in a second her mother would call her, would break up the beauty of sunlight with her whining, nasal voice and her bad English, and would start to drag her down from this peace and good and wisdom into her own world — her world, of hot dishwater that got grey and cold and scummy but in which you had to keep your hands, no matter how you hated it, because there was supposed to be good and peace and wisdom in getting the dishes done. Sandra tightened herself into rigidity, although her body did not move, and closed her eyes as if afraid of a scene too ugly to witness.

"Sandra! You going to set there all day? We got dishes to do."

There it was, exactly the way she had expected it to sound, only maybe a little worse. Yes, definitely because the sun was so warm today, and those milkweed pods were — they surely must be — silkier than ever. Wouldn't it be heaven to be light and fine and silky like milkweed fluff?

"... you was six instead of seventeen. Git in here now."

She hadn't even heard what her mother was saying, but she didn't have to hear. It was all so old: dishes to do, carrots to clean, clothes to hang out, potatoes to peel, "are you going to sit there forever?", "can't you hurry?" Had the air ever been so warm and clear and lovely? Had God created these days, so beautiful that they made her ache, just to shut her away from them? She got up and walked slowly up the back steps. The screen door twanged, then slammed behind her.

The dishwater was infinitely more beautiful, really. It was what people did to it that made it ugly, a thing to be despised, rather than a pure, crystal thing to delight in. Why couldn't people learn? Things that were beautiful were meant to be kept that way. Couldn't they see? It was a sin against the beautiful things not to see their beauty. It was a sin to think water was for doing dishes.

She hoped her mother would send her to the store for something. The walk along the winding gravel road would be pleasant, and she would be able to be alone in the midst of all the loneliness of the afternoon. She could picture the long shady spot she had to pass through just before the village would come into sight. That was the best part of the whole road, where you were just about, but not quite, in the glow of the sun; where you were almost, but not altogether in the coolness and dimness of the shade; where you could see and hear and smell all the loneliness, and nearly be a part of it, but not quite, so that the best part was yet to come. There was the brook, too, she remembered as she hung up the last of the damp dish towels on the rack behind the door. That was really the best of all. The water was so clear, and it was such a little brook, but it seemed so wise. It had secrets, she knew, and she knew they must be beautiful secrets to belong to such a lovely brook.

Everyone else called the brook a ditch, but to her that was a horrid word. They called the dark, lovely, mysterious pool at the end of the brook a mud-hole, too, or a swimming hole when they wanted to be funny. They thought this was funny because they said the pool had no bottom. Her father had laughed and teased her in front of all the others the day she had forgotten and called it a pool, which had long been her secret name for it. So she never called it a pool, except to herself, and she never called the brook a brook, except to herself, because they all would laugh again and call her Dora Daydreamer.

She would be sick if she had to stay in this hot, smelly little kitchen with her mother's nasal voice and bad English. She hated the kitchen more than she hated any of the other rooms in the house. It was so ugly, she thought. The floor was uneven, and the faded, cracked linoleum was patched with pieces of various sizes that did not match. She hated the sink with its rusty iron showing black through the chipped white enamel; she hated the sagging drainboards because they were always damp and the wood was stringy from so much water. The old yellow and green and red wallpaper didn't match at the corners, and she hated the grease that showed oily on it over the stove. More than anything else she despised the kitchen table, standing solid and heavy, draped in its white cloth with the faded pink border, the dish of butter and the cracked sugar bowl standing in the center so they would be there for the next meal. She felt that tightness rise up in her when she looked at the gravy and jam spots on the table cloth.

Her mother was picking up the men's heavy rubber boots from beside the screen door which was thick with flies. She was tossing them out onto the back porch. Sandra knew she would have to help pick up the grey-black things that smelled of manure and were splattered with mud, and she dreaded hearing her mother's nagging voice telling her to get busy.

If only she could somehow tell them how she loathed all this. If only she could make them understand that she hated the dirt and the ugliness of the house and the coarse jokes that her father and the boys laughed about while she and her mother cleared away the greasy dishes and scraped the garbage together. Maybe she would be able to stand it again this afternoon if she could get outside in the beautiful clear air, could listen to the brook, could look into the dark depths of the pool that

(continued on page 22)
The 1954-'55 basketball season is only five weeks off, and Crusader coach Ken Suesens has harvested a bumper crop of frosh talent to complement a copious supply of seasoned veterans as the likes of Ed Eckart, Bill Geisler, Gerry An-
Suesens plans to come up with a good winning season despite the absence of breathers in what should prove to be the toughest basketball schedule in Valparaiso history. Wayne opens the season here on December 1, and thereafter follow such rough teams as Indiana, Purdue, Michigan, Western Michigan, Washington of St. Louis, and Marquette.

Although short on height, Valpo will have a fast team. Tallest man on the squad is 6'5" Eckart, who not only covers the backboards well, but has a fine jump shot. Ed picked 170 rebounds off the boards last year while helping out offensively with a 7.5 point average per game.

Anderson and Geisler, alternates at center last year, will also add height plus fine offensive ability. Geisler had a 7.4 point average, and Anderson came through with 5.7.

A great man on anyone's team would be Howard, who led Valpo's scoring attack with an 11.8 average last year. A guard, Jim should be a major spark for the Crusaders in setting up plays as well as scoring.

Sittler will add much to Valpo's offensive strength if he keeps up last year's 7.1 game average from a guard position.

Missing from last year is Jack Rump, 6'5" forward. Jack is attending a Fort Wayne X-ray school this year. His services will be greatly missed, but Valpo won't be short of talent.

Meisberger, who had a 5.5 point average per game, will see much action this year.

More strength was added to the Valpo team this year through the return of southpaw dribbler Bob Madrick from the armed forces. Many students will remember his magnificent play in the Marquette game of two years ago.

Coach Suesens plans to run the team in much the same way as he did last year. He will have no definite starting lineup, but will alternate as he did last year in the guard positions. Suesens shifted Howard and Sittler or Meisberger and Willbrandt at guard last year so that the team would not have to rely on one man.

Suesens will start off with an all upperclass varsity, but plans to bring up some players from the freshman squad who have shown varsity ball ability.

Some home staters have come here to play on the hardwood. Among them is Dick Miller, a Columbus high school great, and Jerry Spindler, a 6'3" boy from Harlen. Jerry had a terrific 20 point average per game in his senior year at high school and was elected to the all-county basketball team. In one game of the county tournament, Jerry scored 28 points, sinking 12 out of 16 attempts at the basket.

For the first time in Valparaiso history, the team can boast of a cager who has participated in the United States high school North-South cage classic. This is C. W. "Dub" Suedekum from Cape Girardeu, Missouri, Dub averaged 17 points per game in his senior year, and was a mainstay on his team which won the state championship.

Oddly enough, Dub's greatest thrill was not being elected to the North-South game; but, being the team man he is, his greatest thrill was having his team win the state championship last year. His hook accounted for 23 points in the final state championship game.

Suesens is already high on such men as Bob Messersmith, an Ohio boy, who loves to play the game and is a hustler all the way. Bob Fleck and Neil Reincke, Indiana boys, have also impressed the coach in their short time out.

Another member of the freshman class who is expected to add fine talent to the Crusaders is 6'2" Jerry Twietmeyer from Austin High School in Chicago. Jerry was a member of the all-city team in Chicago and had an 18 point average for the year.

Coach Suesens also expects good ball from the Wisconsin boys, Martin Splitgerber and Bob Krause. Krause was second high scorer in the Fox Valley League in Wisconsin.

Herman Meyer from Rogers City, Michigan rounds out a better than average freshman squad. Herman's push shots put him high on the list of freshmen prospect which should keep the varsity hustling.
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF
Queen Marilyn
by Rhoda Heinecke

A day in the life of this year's queen is a busy one. H.R.M. Marilyn Koehler, besides having the attributes of beauty and poise, is a recognized campus leader.

The nominee of Pi Kappa Alpha and Theta Chi is a brown-haired, blue-eyed social work major from Janesville, Minnesota. She was born in Hankau, China, the daughter of a Lutheran missionary, and returned to this country for her education.

Marilyn has a quick, ready laugh and those who meet her are impressed with her friendliness and genuine interest in those around her. She has the knack of putting even the shyest person at ease — a born social worker.

Let's take a typical day for Marilyn. She begins with the average college curriculum, attending her classes; up for her 8:00 and on campus. At 11:00, she's in chapel and wondering if she's going to find time to eat lunch today. Back to the Alpha Annex or maybe the Shanty to grab a bite to eat, and then away again for a few hours spent at her student aid job. Classes again with notes and profs and reports. The last bell rings and the queen has time to work on the Junior class treasurer's books.

Busy day — busy day — 6:00 — it's dinner time. At 7 p.m., every Monday evening, Marilyn is to be found at the Alpha Phi Delta house for sorority meeting. Time for rest now? Nope. Cards must be sent to the alumnae and the sorority's corresponding secretary has to do it. Now for a few hours' work on Homecoming decorations. The

(continued on page 12)
phone rings. "Can you be at the VU office for pictures tomorrow at 4:00?" "Be at Lowenstine's at 9 a.m. for dress fittings." "Your picture didn't turn out. Would you mind sitting under those hot lights for another hour tomorrow, so we can try again?" "Could you find time to do some extra Student Aid work tomorrow?" "How much money can the class spend for this year's social activities?" "Don't forget Social Relations club meeting tomorrow." And then, "Marilyn, you know Homecoming is coming up and ... uh ... well — are you going to be busy?" The light burns late in Her Majesty's room as she opens her books to get in some studying time.

The last week before Homecoming rolls around, and the suspense begins. The queen, by campus tradition, doesn't realize she is to reign over Homecoming until the Friday of the Coronation, when in the greatest moment of a coed's life, she is bussed by President O. P. who shows the freshmen men "how it should be done."

Then it's Friday, "Thank goodness," and when the court is given their royal attire, John Lowenstine hands Marilyn the traditional white formal.

In the evening by the bonfire, students, faculty and alumni wait to see who is the queen. One by one, the court is escorted to the platform — Marlene, Ruth, Lael and Sharon. The Honor Guard presents Queen Marilyn to be crowned by President Kretzmann and her duties begin.

A campus queen is one who embodies to the campus the girl they would most like to see represent the University; a coed who has the attributes of beauty, friendliness, poise, campus leadership and Christian character. The queen and her court are representatives of this coed — to us they are Valpo.

A day in the life of a queen and her court isn't too different from any other coed's day. They have studies, meetings, work; they participate in student government; they enjoy an hour in their favorite class with the prof they'd like to have every semester; and they look forward to the big date over Homecoming weekend. They are the same as any other coed on campus except that they do just a little more; study a little harder; go to a few more meetings. Here's orchids and congratulations to H.R.M. Queen Marilyn and her Royal Court.
Royal Attendants

Sharon Bauer ... Valparaiso, Indiana ... the daughter of the Dean ... Home Ec major ... 19 year old sophomore ... activities chairman of Home Ec club ... nominee of Lambda Chi Alpha.

Marlene Wehmueller ... St. Louis, Missouri ... Alpha Phi Delta ... major in Speech ... 19 year old junior ... U Players ... nominee of Kappa Phi Tau.

Lael Brischke ... Cincinnati, Ohio ... an El Ed ... Alpha Xi Epsilon's president ... a senior and 20 years old ... nominee of Kappa Iota Pi.

Ruth Liening ... Maywood, Illinois ... Gamma Phi ... major in Home Ec ... 21 year old senior ... Home Ec club and Majors club ... nominee of Omega Chi Beta.
To Youth

We gratefully acknowledge the permission of Harper & Bros., publishers, to use the following article which appeared in the book written by Mr. Richard L. Evans, AT THIS SAME HOUR. We reprint the article here for its timely application to all of our readers.

Each year many of our youth leave home, some for school and some for other purposes, many, of course, for the first time. And it is not uncommon to hear these youth of ours, in their confidence, reassure their parents and others whom they leave behind, as to their ability to look out for themselves, and as to the needlessness for any anxiety, as they venture forth into a world that has many ways, both good and bad. But with parents and others who have lived longer, a certain feeling of panic is more than understandable, because of what they have seen of the hazards of the road and of the wreckage of human happiness that can and does follow errors of judgment, foolish decisions, and the keeping of bad company.

Using discrimination in the company we keep, in the attachments we form, and in the atmosphere we frequent is exceedingly important when we are at home, and is much more so away from home. Strange company is always to be looked upon with a certain degree of reservation until the quality of it is known. And a good rule always to follow is: When in doubt, stay where you know you are safe.

Just because the crowd is going somewhere, it doesn’t always follow that it is a good place to go. Just because there are other ducks on the pond, it doesn’t mean that the pond is a safe place for ducks to be. They may be decoys or they may be just stupid and foolish birds that are asking for trouble and going to get it. Every hunter knows what can happen to a duck when he yields to the temptation of lighting on water by a decoy — in other words, when he joins a crowd without knowing the character or the purpose of the crowd he is joining. And in human affairs, even though it may seem to be old-fashioned to say so, the devil has his territory, and it is never safe territory for anyone for any purpose.

A satisfied curiosity is not worth the risk of getting mixed up with unsavory things. Mud can look very smooth on the surface and still be treacherous and dirty. And so, to those leaving home, whether it be for the first time, or whether they look upon themselves as seasoned travelers, these precautions still remain and still are important, as they will be throughout all of life: Beware of venturing into hazardous situations with unknown people. Stay where you know you are safe, live as you know you should live, and don’t be led into joining a questionable crowd or into crossing the border into territory out of which no happiness ever comes.
VU VISITS...

Reporter Krupski (middle) with pencil in hand, looks intently at rare specimen of snail held by Prof. Kuster. Student Bushong is busy examining baby slug.

Returning from a trip into deep Saeger country, Prof. Kuster discusses his find of moss and fungi with students. Future teacher Gaines (foreground) hurries to examine specimens.

A Biology Safari

by LINDA KRUPSKI
and RHODA HEINECKE

"Finding truth and knowledge in the field of biology and marching on to further discoveries for the sake of science—" With these stirring words still pounding in their ears the members of the class for Teaching of Biology embarked upon another field trip into the unknown.

Typical Valpoish weather for a field trip greeted these stalwarts of science as they assembled at the Biology Building under the able leadership of Professor Kuster. As they trudged off into the damp Indiana wilds under the slate-gray skies, one can imagine the vagrant thoughts flitting through their scientific minds — "All this for a two-credit course!"

This course for all future secondary school biology teachers is expected to give the members not only practical experience in the field, but also knowledge and training in setting up a biological laboratory. And of course the class was undoubtedly aware that some day they as teachers would probably be taking their own class on just such a safari.

As the advancing army of the Professor, Pat Bushong, Helen Kaufmann, Paul Gaines and Keith Talmadge arrived at the site of operations, Saeger's Lake, they began to set up their conglomerate paraphernalia for scientific discovery — hip boots, "killing bottles," a portable microscope, nets and slides. This minute army with its equipment accorded more than one passing motorist with a few moments of shock.

After assuming precarious and dangerous positions in the middle of the icy babbling stream, amid utterances of "ohhs" and "ahhs" when an exceptionally choice find was made and "EEEs" when an exceptionally cold spot in the stream was reached, the class captured its first specimens of wild animals — planaria, hydra, mosquito larve, slugs, salamanders, much vegetation and other varieties of animalisms necessary for the teaching of biology.

The army then moved on to muddy marshes, mosquito-filled swamps, cow-occupied pastures, and barbed-wire sur-
It was a rare find when the students discovered a decaying log which yielded varieties of fungi and especially termites. Here the "killing bottle" is put to use.

Salamanders and old snake skins were on the menu after the students returned from investigating a secluded creek. Here specimen jars are brought out to keep the finds.

It was an especially cold and wet stream for those students who failed to bring boots. Here the group searches for algae, bugs, frogs, and tries to stay dry.

rounded fields. In a forced march back to Biological headquarters, the class gathered more specimens — minnows, frogs, varieties of mushrooms and fungi, crickets, grass-hoppers, butterflies, and the find of the trip — lice.

Upon their return to civilization, the class remained "voluntarily" at the Biology Building and stained slides, constructed an aquarium and a terrarium — then collapsed in a heap on the floor. The various specimens they acquired on the expedition are now on display in the Biology laboratory under the proud and careful scrutinice of Mr. Kuster and the class.

According to Mr. Kuster, this trip serves to give both experience and training to future teachers and also provides the laboratory with live specimens (referring to the animalisms, not the future teachers) which will be used in the new greenhouse that is now under construction.

How much truth and knowledge the class found is a matter for debate, but they certainly marched far enough for their further discoveries — and all for the sake of science and two credits.
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Ode to Clyde

by Pat Young
(Who might be seen travelling incognito as Dave Snyder)

Now Valpo boasts of many things,
Of that you may be sure.
Our campus and it’s spirit
Are those which long endure.

An active part of Valpo’s line,
Besides the study PLUS the spirit,
Is a student council rare and fine
And David.......................ever near it!

Now the intro you have read
So please forgive the rest.
Let’s can the corn
And skip the rhyme . . .
Each reader do his best!!!

Ah yes!......................Clyde!
As a freshman he was willing.
(Willing to do what?)
As a sophomore he was awful nice—
Awful nice and very fine.
(Very, very fine!)
We’ll perforce skip his junior year—
He went too fast for us to hear
’Bout all his great achievements.
Now comes the Dave we know today,
And how he got to be that way . . . .

It all started way back when . . . .
(I think it was ’53)
When Clyde decided not to be
A cement mixer, (putty, putty.)
So he dropped that course in concrete,
(Reinforced concrete at that!) And he added others in its stead.
Three schools now laid claim—
To the cement in his head!! . . . .(?)
Our shining star showed aptitude,
In Physics. Did he glow!
So . . . off to help in the lab,
And try the student’s fortitude.

Occasionally you see him,
Brows furrowed deep in concentration.
But that’s only ’cause the Beacon
Is bringing problems of frustration.

Sooooo . . . . .
Let’s drink a toast
(With 7 up)
To the guy we call our Prexy
And dance a jig
(To a waltz that’s cool and catchy.)
“’To Dave (Clyde) Snyder —
Our very own choice . . . . . .
For “Mr. Yabbitz” 1954!!!!!!” — —
If a wise man were to ask, "What are the characteristics of human nature in this age — to what goals do we moderns aspire?" and by that, one would answer giving only the distinctive and predominant ideals, no doubt the explanation would fail volumes.

Variously considered, they might range from the middle-aged man's desire to retire on a comfortable pension to the five-year-old's hope of becoming president of the United States. Among them, prominently displayed, would be the college student's ideal of high proficiency in a chosen field, or simply "getting a job and getting ahead."

The embracing power of this idea has lapsed somewhat from the prestige it enjoyed some years ago. Rarely expressed, except in the most intimate of circles, it was an idea to which many devoted hours of restless contemplation, mingled with ambitious dreaming, were spent. I have recently happened upon a diary in which the writer, a conscientious worker, troubled to note four rules which he firmly believed would assure him of success:

1. The attitude toward this job is of the greatest importance.
2. Disassociate this job with ideas of anything else — attack it on its own.
3. Note any errors and never make them again.
4. Attack the details with a serious attitude.

These rules embody in effect what we would call modern virtues, such desireables as conscientiousness, ambition, humility etc. And one must honestly admire such a precise statement of the rules for potential success. His attitude is noble, and one feels certain that this gentleman should achieve success, if only to prove his faith in these rules.

Twenty years later this man achieved success. Now let us glance at his reflections as of then:

And what's the use of contributing what I contribute to the church if these 25 dollar-a-year Christians are going to have as much to say as I have about what we do. The only reason why I ever really wanted money was so that I could make people listen to me when I talked, and now I find that they won't listen. So I'm going to keep my mouth shut from now on and let them make their mistakes, if that's the way they want it.

Whatever admiration we formerly had for this friend is instantly fogged by the statement of disillusionment and despair which he added years later. Our sympathy is not extended to a man in this situation — our admiration has passed over into disgust — and one is prone to forget the beautifully-stated means for achieving success in view of the distorted end to which it is employed.

On a moment's reflection, virtue as a means appears to be incompatible with such lowly end values. Irreconcilable as they may appear, such seeming opposites are present in numerous individuals. This tight, narrow conception of the self has been disguised under a stated altruistic, self-sacrificing attitude.

The appearance of these opposites on one individual has been recognized and discussed by many authors. Aldous Huxley has lucidly pointed up a number of virtuous characters dedicated to thoroughly bad ends. I give only two examples: one, Satan (for Milton) was brave, strong, generous, loyal, prudent, self-sacrificing, yet devoted to evil. Two: Dictators (e.g., Adolf Hitler) are patient, loyal, temperate, and courageous. Then, of course, there is our former friend whose virtue was moulded in self-glorification.

With this bit of reflection, the ideal of "getting a job and getting ahead" seems shallow and incomplete. There is something absent — something that must necessarily be included that is not present here. The rather inevitable question "For what purpose?" follows, and if it cannot be satisfactorily answered, then let me say — as gently as possible — our reflection has lagged behind our ambition. Happiness in wealth is hardly the final answer as the spirit from the devil's quarter in Clough's poem would have us believe:

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf, And how one ought never to think of oneself, And how the pleasure of thought surpasses eating and drinking —

My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho! How pleasant it is to have money.

In moments of irresolution, one may have this desire which often takes precedence over any hazy and more profound ideals established in a reflection instance. But one need not dwell here, for the shallowness of this desire is quite apparent. The pursuit of pleasure as a final end may seem attractive, but in experience, altruism and other related ideals seem to yield a satisfaction that the pursuit of pleasure never affords.

The evaluation of purposes is apart from the direction of this article, however. The hazy concept of final purpose with which we come to college must be made vivid and act as a guiding force in our lives in these four years. The aims of a university education are directed among two standard paths; the first tends toward specialization in a chosen field; the second, to present Life in all of its forms.

If one embraces only the field in which he will specialize, remaining in complete ignorance of purpose, then he becomes an automaton. Only with knowledge of the second can he be classified as a developed being. In no other way can the idea of "getting a job and getting ahead" acquire the greatest significance.

The purpose of Valparaiso University, in part, is to impart a purpose to Life. It needs only to be apprehended and developed by the individual to the pitch of a directing force.

Your editors wondered what happened to this student, Allen Dale Olson by name, and wrote to him. It turned out that he was in the Army at Camp Chaffee after work towards an M.A. degree and teaching at Albion College in Michigan.

Allen was flattered to know someone remembered him and responded to a request with two more of his poems. His poetry, while light in nature, appeals markedly to the senses and is very picturesque.

VU takes the liberty of reprinting his first two poems, which the older students may enjoy again like meeting an old friend, and includes his two more recent ones.

**AN OVERTURE**

How sweet, endearing, enchanting, romantic,
Or noisy, booming and terribly frantic,
From lively dances to gay romances,
From mezzo forte to triple forte;
Now it is soft, sweet, and melodic,
Listening, we're spell-bound, our minds nomadic.
Louder and louder, increasing in volume,
Gone are the chords which once were so solemn.
Booming, crashing, thunderous banging,
Deafening roars, ear-piercing clanging.
Higher and higher and faster it goes,
Reaching the sky and shouting its woes.
One more crash and then it will fall,
Leaving a silence over all.

**LOW TIDE**

Sea, sand, sky, spray;
Wind, waves, water, wing;
Sun, salt, shells stay
Willing, wistful, whispering.

Allen Dale Olson

**SMOKE**

Into the infinite realm of space,
Climbs, and curls, and twists in the air —
Smoke—seeming to run, seeming to race—
Blurring the sky and land everywhere.
Smoke from a train, smoke from a house,
Factories, mills, gins, and smelts,
Smoke—more silent than the quietest mouse,
Covering the sky with gigantic welts.
All through the day, wherever you look,
Smoke-covered objects so black and so gray;
More beautiful than pictures of any good book,
Smoke fills the earth on each new day.

**EVENING ODE**

The evening is drawing nigh.
The winds become a sigh.
Night birds start to cry,
Sun beams lingeringly die.
Chirping of the cricket
Comes from yonder thicket.
Shadows haltingly fade
And yield to e'en's gentle raid.
To nightfall, so somber and staid,
Our tributes now are softly paid.
No more from yonder thicket
Comes the chirping of the cricket.
Just "Pot"
sing Around
THE POOL
(continued from page 7)
everyone said had no bottom. Perhaps her mother would send her to the store.

“Sandra, get them chickens up from the cellar. We got to get ‘em cleaned now cause they’re killing fourteen more tonight for selling.”

The cellar was darker and mustier and colder than she had anticipated. When she picked up the enamel kettle with the dead chickens in it, it scraped sharply on the stone floor. She had to control herself to keep from running up the damp, chilly stairway, away from the blackness and the stillness that was crouching in the corners of the cellar to the sunlight and the drowsy buzzing of honey bees. She and her mother were going to clean chickens, and there would be blood on her hands and in the water, and the entrails would slip and slide through her fingers and over her wrists. She stifled a scream and ran up the stairs clutching the kettle.

There were six chickens, all with their heads and feet still on. They cleaned them at the sink, Sandra working at one sagging drainboard, her mother at the other. It was hot in the small kitchen and Sandra felt drops of perspiration on her forehead. Her cotton dress was wet under the arms. She could not push back her damp, hot hair because her hands were wet and bloody. It was unbearable. She felt as if the walls were closing in, trapping her in this hot little room with the stench of sweat and dead chickens. If she could only get away and go where it was cool and quiet, where the water was not stained red, and where there was beauty and calm and peace.

When Sandra and her mother finished dressing the chickens, it was already late to be starting supper, so they had to hurry. Her father was always angry when supper was late, and she feared his anger nearly as much as she feared his ridicule. His anger made her tremble and feel small and afraid, but that was nothing to what his jeering laughter made her feel. He and the boys thought she was high falutin, and told her so. They did things just to get her goat, as they called it. Like the night her father had slipped his quid of tobacco on her plate and she had touched the vile stuff with her fingers. She had wept that night, and Sandra felt drops of perspiration trick for her tonight. She so longed to get away into the lovely lavender night to her, and she was forced to sit in a little room with the stench of sweat and dead chickens.

It seemed to her that the meal was interminable. Would it never end? Here was all the soft, loving outdoors calling to her, and she was forced to sit in a stuffy farm kitchen with people who were more animal than human and listen to the sounds of their eating. She would look out the window; maybe that would make the real surroundings fade. Oh, why did people have to gnaw the last particle from the bone of an animal that once was as alive as they? God surely hadn’t made all the beauty of nature to be spoiled that way. She must, somehow, shake off this ugliness that was pulling at her.

She put out her hand to pick up the spoon beside her plate. The peculiar feel and the dry, buzzing sound of the rattle of a snake made her widen her eyes in horror. She looked down and saw the two-inch length of the tail of a rattler lying next to her knife. She sat stiffly, not saying a word, staring at the tail and at her hand which had touched it. They were laughing loudly,
but she tried not to hear them. The nausea and the roaring kept building up inside her until she thought she would burst, but she sat silently, looking at her hand as if it were not her hand at all, but some new strange, fascinating instrument. The roaring grew louder and louder, and suddenly she screamed. Then she pushed her chair back and, still screaming, ran out of the house. The screen door twanged, then banged shut behind her.

She knew exactly where she was running, and she ran easily and lightly. The purple night was soft and caressing, and she felt no fatigue, only a vast emptiness, not at all unpleasant. It was as if she were not running at all, but floating in a lovely lavender void, more clear and beautiful than she had ever dreamed anything could be. She stopped a while at the brook and listened to the tree frogs and smelled the clean freshness of the evening.

Suddenly she heard a faint, piercing scream that seemed to freeze the marrow in her bones. When she looked down at the edge of the pool, she saw, in the light of the moon, a small green frog. Its frightened eyes were looking into hers, and its front legs were scratching wildly in the mud at the edge of the pool. As she leaned forward, she saw fat, pudgy, scaly feet on both sides of the frog. Then she suddenly saw the ugly wrinkled head of a turtle protruding from the pool. Its beady eyes seemed to be filled with hatred. In its maw it had the left back leg of the little frog, which it had already swallowed up to the thigh. Sandra felt her knees give way, and she knew that she was about to faint. But before she fell forward, her whole body was convulsed with a shudder as she again heard the faint piercing death cry of the little green frog at the edge of the pool.
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ET CETERA*

* From various and sundry collegiate newspapers.

At Last. At Concordia College of Moorhead, The Concordian, evidently finding a sure-fire solution to the heavy assignments in English Lit, announced: “Machines Available for Reading Class.”

Suffraging Succotash. Evidently candidates for student offices at New York City College are denied the privileges of suffrage; NYC’s Reporter editor counseled: “If you are not running for office — vote.”

No Winter? In a column headed “It Happens Every Spring,” a summer edition of the Ball State News reported news of a fall wedding.

A Queen Too. Everyone’s getting in on the act in North Central’s Homecoming; The College Chronicle reported the Homecoming parade would feature, among other things, a veteran TV lion.

Torchy Bermudas. “Up with Bermudas” was the cry of the Wittenberg Torch, which labeled Bermudas as “no more inviting than sleeveless and off-the-shoulder blouses, strapless evening gowns, tight sweaters, or the short skirts of the ’40s.”

Can That Corn. At Concordia, Moorhead, the editors of The Concordian, apparently realizing the corny level of student writing, announced: “Verse Contest Open to Cobs.”

Alemaine Left. At Alma College, social events were the rage on page one of The Alamanian as the Chemistry Club reportedly shucked its test tubes for its Annual Barn Dance.

Hadn’t Auto Do It. Threatening the students with a fate worse than scholastic pro, the Oak Leaves of Manchester College ran an editorial approving: “Autos — On Probation.”

Mind your T’s. The DePauw turned to timely alliteration with the headline, “Turtle Trainers Tramp To Get Turtles Thursday,” on the front page.

A Little Crowded. At Highlands University, either the student rallies are poorly attended or the University is cramped for space; the Highlands Candle blithely announced: “Pep Assembly Held In Sub Friday.”
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